



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

by all men a sufficient bond of social union. But this answer proved inadequate; for these thinkers were compelled by the logic of their own view to exalt a life of seclusion and contemplation above a life of service to society and sacrifice for fellow-men. Jesus successfully solved the problem by his revelation of the fatherhood of God. For if all men are children of the one Divine Father, they are bound by a tie of brotherhood in a spiritual kingdom and have common interests and common obligations.

Before the advent of Jesus men had become aware of the fundamental difficulty of religion, that of reconciling the existence of evil in the world with its control by a beneficent deity. The countless ills which man suffers from the blind inexorable forces of nature will always constitute the greatest obstacle to a religious interpretation of the world. Jesus met this difficulty by his revelation that suffering and self-sacrifice enter even the life of God as expressions of his infinite benevolence. This revelation of the nature of God, the Supremely Real, gives us a new conception of reality, and of the significance of pain and sorrow in our lives. For if the Infinite Spirit finds fullest self-expression in sacrifice and suffering for cherished creatures, we may believe that our reality as finite spirits is measured, not by the length of our physical existence or by the amount of our physical energy, but by our moral capacity for sympathy and service. Therefore, pain and even death undergone in the discharge of duty or for the sake of others appear to the laborer in God's kingdom, not as the negation of his life, but as his elevation into comradeship with God, his initiation into a higher mode of existence, an "eternal" life.

H. W. WRIGHT

CORNELL UNIVERSITY
Ithaca, N. Y.

INFLUENCE OF MAX MÜLLER'S HIBBERT LECTURES IN INDIA

Of all the orientalists who have shed a luster on the nineteenth century, Max Müller is the only one whose influence has asserted itself both in our European scientific circles and at the same time among the natives whose language and religion formed his life-work.

Among the latter that influence was felt as early as the publication of the Rig-Veda (1849). If the race of the scribes of the great Egyptian and Assyrian monarchs is extinct and has left no descendants to verify and correct the attempts at decipherment of our savants, there still remains in India *pandits* and *shastris* able to control the work of a European bold enough to grapple with their revered Scriptures. Yet, after a time of

justifiable mistrust, *pandits* and *shastris*, in the holy city of Benares as well as in Poona, the stronghold of brahmanical orthodoxy, were disarmed. They had tried at first to boycott the book by spreading the rumor that it had been printed with the blood of the cow by a *mlekkha* ("unclean"); but this did not prevent its being read at Poona before an assembly of Brahmins who corrected the manuscripts which they possessed by comparing them with the text revised at Oxford by the aforesaid *mlekkha*! Later on—a most unique example—the maharajah of Vizianagaram offered four thousand pounds for a reprint of the six volumes of the Rig-Veda and the salary of an assistant during four years.

Now, if from the books we pass on to Max Müller's religious syntheses, we find them no less appreciated and their influence no less telling. And, indeed, why not confess that, while there have been other oriental scholars of ability and distinction who have tried to interpret, discuss, and speculate upon the Indian literature, philosophy, and religion, none of them, except Max Müller, has succeeded in grasping the inner genius of the Hindus?

In December, 1879, writing to Renan, he declares: "As to my own 'Hibbert Lectures,' they begin to tell in India; in England people do not understand them. My whole heart is in them, and I do believe them." This passage of a famous correspondence shows how, at that same date, the lectures delivered by Max Müller at Westminster Hall "On the Origin and Growth of Religion as Illustrated by the Religions of India" had met with the rare and unexpected privilege of finding their way into the very intellect and soul of those among the Hindus left untouched by European culture. How numerous they were and still are is not easily understood by people who simply rely on statistical accounts or premature syntheses. Even university degrees and training do not necessarily imply a thorough western education and a profound assimilation of our scientific or philosophic methods. The majority of the students covet them in order to secure government appointments; very few realize the fusion between the two spirits. A slight varnish is often considered sufficient in too many cases.

It was highly desirable that the views of such a scholar as Max Müller, an authority acknowledged even in the most orthodox Hindu circles, should be popularized among those who were within and without the pale of university life. Through the medium of vernacular translations, the most obdurate opponents could be thus reached. The way in which that scheme was planned and carried out is worth attention. It is not the scheme of a publisher, a commercial *bonne affaire*. We have two sources of information: one, the numerous quotations in *The Life and Letters of*

*Max Müller*¹ by his devoted wife; the other, the "Recollections" published by Mr. B. Malabari,² the same who took in hand the arduous task of translation, and who has given an original and complete account of it.

It is necessary to recall the origin of those lectures. In January, 1876, Dr. James Martineau wrote to Max Müller in favor of the establishment of a lectureship for scientific theology by the Hibbert trustees, stating that they were anxious to know "whether there was any hope that the one to whom was due the name and conception of a science of religion would inaugurate the experiment." At that time Max Müller was on the eve of his departure for Germany and was contemplating a complete change in his life. Nevertheless, Dr. Martineau preferred to wait for eighteen months rather than to ask anyone else to be the first lecturer. As regards the importance of the lectures in England, we are not here concerned in determining how far Max Müller was right in saying that he was not understood; we have at present to deal merely with India. As Max Müller declares "that they were beginning to tell there," it may be interesting to know from Mr. Malabari himself the almost romantic circumstances which attended the austere labor of the translator. His personal style makes his "Recollections" particularly attractive. He carries us along with him into a new world, and we become acquainted with his efforts and the results of his undertaking, and also with the touching and ever-to-be-remembered souvenirs of his close friendship with the great Indianist. If our readers want to know Max Müller's opinion about Mr. Malabari's personality and character, we can refer them to some beautiful pages in the gallery of the "Indian Friends,"³ without prejudice to the biographical sketch due to his co-worker, Mr. Dayaram Gidumal,⁴ and his own invaluable notes.⁵

Here we will simply consider our hero from his birth to the very day when he began to struggle against the "mental seclusion of India." That idea is the more striking because Mr. Malabari is not a Hindu, but belongs to the Parsi community, and is in fact, like Max Müller himself, a *mlekkha*!

Behramji Malabari is a self-made man; some of his biographers wrongly

¹ *The Life and Letters of the R. H. Friedrich Max Müller*, edited by his wife; in 2 vols. Longmans, Green & Co., 1902.

² "Recollections of Max Müller and His Hibbert Lectures," published in *East and West*, March-April, 1903, pp. 327-38, 475-82.

³ *Cosmopolis*, September, 1898, pp. 626 ff.

⁴ Dayaram Gidumal, *Behramji Malabari*. English ed., Fisher Unwin, 1892; French trans., Flammarion, 1898.

⁵ B. Malabari, "Forty Years Ago," *East and West*, June-July, 1903.

consider him a product of western education. In our opinion, he is the most independent of writers and thinkers, the most refractory to university regulations and examinations. Perhaps India wanted the great lesson that a man, through the mere force of mental gifts of the first order and a high moral ideal, can rise to exceptional prominence, as an example also of the superiority of the education of the heart over the education of the head. He belongs to a respectable Parsi family, ruined by the fires and floods of Surat. His admirable mother was reduced gradually to actual poverty. But he had not to repine at his reduced circumstances; his daily contact with the poorer classes was to prove a good school for a future philanthropist. He was enabled to know their needs and aspirations, and through his lazy afternoon strolls on the banks of the Tapti river, and his acquaintances with the street singers (*khialis*), he acquired a precious knowledge of guzarati poetry, the sweet poetry of Dayaram and Premanand, while his meditative qualities are certainly due to the songs of the religious reformers, such as Kabir and Tukaram. As he was quick, spirited, and kind-hearted, he made friends even outside his own community, among the Hindus and Mohammedans. Under the direction of the missionaries, who valued the lad's astonishing powers, he made surprising progress in English, history, and literature; and, in order to earn his daily bread, he gave lessons to boys, often his seniors in age. His teachers, finding him "a special case," resolved to send him to Bombay to pass his university examinations.⁶

Behram disappointed his patrons. He matriculated, but he did not follow the university lectures. His truly poetic soul rebelled against the routine of the classes. Guzarati and English meters already haunted him, and even seemed welcome harbingers of fame. When he began his campaign for the translation of the *Hibbert Lectures*, he had published the *Niti-Vinod* ("Pleasures of Morality"), which was hailed by all the native press; and the *Indian Muse in English Garb* had made his name known as far as England. He was twenty-five, and fully prepared to understand European genius and culture.

Max Müller's first letter reached him during the summer months of 1878, in the small village of Songhad, in the vicinity of the beautiful Jain temples of Sattrunjaya (Kathiawar). He was at the outset of his political career (a part of his life which we have not to consider here), and had settled there after a quarrel with the political agent at Rajkot, who had been displeased with the vindication he had made in honor of his friend, the Scotch missionary John Wilson, against an attack in a native paper. That

⁶ B. Malabari, "Forty Years Ago," *East and West*, July, 1903, pp. 816, 817.

vindication might have endangered the politics of strict neutrality of the old official; hence his anger. The arrival of the mail from Europe found the young man rather sulky, but the contents soon restored his serenity. The letters were acknowledgments of the *Indian Muse in English Garb*. The first, almost illegible, was signed Tennyson; the second, in a clear hand, was from Max Müller. Others were from Lord Northbrook, John Bright, the Duke of Argyll, Mr. Gladstone, Princess Alice, Miss Nightingale—quite enough to turn the head of a humble native aspirant. But if some of these messages deeply gratified the vanity of the young poet, Max Müller's was the one which proved the most useful.

After complimenting me on my command of English verse and modestly confessing that he had never himself attempted versification in English, which was a foreign language to him, as it was to me, that master of nineteenth-century prose went on to advise: "Whether we write English verse or English prose, let us never forget that the best service we can render is to express our truest Indian and German thoughts in English, and thus to act as honest interpreters between nations that ought to understand each other much better than they do at present." The last sentence was for Mr. Malabari most memorable: "It is in the verses where you feel and speak like a true Indian that you speak most like a true poet."⁷

On his return to Bombay, he found the parcel of works sent to him from Oxford. The *Lectures on Religion as Illustrated by the Religions of India* caught his fancy at once.

What a glorious subject, and how gloriously handled! I am a poor book-reader, seldom engrossed even by my favorite works. But there was a genuine Indian ring about the contents of this volume which sounded exceeding sweet to my ear and felt equally satisfying to the soul. The dedication to the memory of his beloved daughter also touched me deeply. In short, the *Hibbert Lectures* impressed me as being the flowers, not the ripened fruit, of Max Müller's labors in the field of oriental researches; and it seemed strange that none of our students had yet thought of presenting them to his countrymen in the simple vernaculars of the land.⁸

Nothing could please the great scholar more than vernacular translations, he answered, above all, a Sanskrit version of his *Lectures*, which would enable the indigenous thinkers of India to see what a foreigner has to say about the religion and literature of the *Rishis*. But who would ever think of spending his time and resources on an undertaking as colossal as it would be unremunerative?

⁷ "Recollections," etc., March, 1903, p. 332.

⁸ *Ibid.*

For Mr. Malabari this was a sort of challenge:

Should I accept it? I was in no sense a scholar, I reasoned, and yet it would be possible for me to find the scholars to take up the work, setting the example myself with a guzarati translation. I informed him of this plan, stating clearly at the same time my lack of qualification for such a task, and suggesting several likely names. His answer was like him, prompt and to the purpose. He should prefer me to take up the rôle of interpreter between the East and the West. I was so particularly fitted for it. He would gladly give money for the start. I would not listen to the last suggestion. India was rich enough to finance an enterprise in which she was much more interested than England.⁹

India is rich, of course, but those who can afford to support enterprises of that kind are not, generally speaking, much inclined to do so. However, without knowing exactly who could bear the expense, Mr. Malabari began the guzarati translation with the help of Mr. N. M. Mobedjina. He confessed that it was "a tough piece of work" to convey modern European expressions (more or less scientific) of ancient thoughts and ideas to the native reader in a half-developed dialect. They had very often to go to the fountain-head, Sanskrit, for their words, and sometimes to coin them. Max Müller had also to be troubled. In one year, however, the translation was finished. Mr. Malabari added to it a sort of synopsis of Max Müller's theory on the origin and growth of language, and a biographical sketch. This last the scholar enjoyed immensely, and many years after he said to his friend: "If this is your prose, I can well imagine what your verse is like."

But the money question had still to be settled. Two most excellent members of the civil service, Mr. James Gibbs and Mr. Peile, director of public instruction, whom Mr. Malabari had "infected with his literary mania," succeeded in securing for the publication of the guzarati translation a grant from the Bombay government and a number of introductions to likely patrons of literature.

After having intrusted the Guzarati translation to the printer, Mr. Malabari started on a long tour. Nothing more picturesque, more humorous can be imagined than the description of the wanderings and earnest entreaties of the young translator. Even for those who have lived in India it gives a new insight into the manners and way of thinking of her populations, so well does India know how to keep the secret of her inner life.

Consumed by a real missionary zeal, Mr Malabari covered enormous distances at a stretch, regardless of health, comfort, even of personal safety. He arranged for the translation of the *Hibbert Lectures* into

⁹ *Loc. cit.*, p. 333.

Marathi, Bengali, Hindi, Tamil, and Sanskrit, and engaged eight or nine translators for the series, paying them with the money received from the government of Madras and from several native princes.

Often cast down, but never despairing, sick in body and in mind, and poor in purse, I sometimes traveled third, even intermediate, starving at the smaller roadside stations, staying at shops in the bazaar, camping out under trees in the *maidan*, taking my chance of everything as it came.¹⁰

Max Müller was informed of these wanderings and took alarm. He became very anxious during the rainy season, warning his friend, mail after mail, to return home, to take rest and send agents in his place.

And here begins the narrative of Mr. Malabari's tours—a wearisome crusade, undertaken through Guzarat, Kathiawar, Central India, Rajputana, and the South Maratha country; but Mr. Malabari knew that it was the only way of rousing the country, and he spared neither himself nor the hapless victims of his linguistic mania. Those hapless victims were the native princes, the only people in India who could at that time be efficient patrons and give support to a work of that kind. We owe to Mr. Malabari's pen curious silhouettes of them; but we cannot accompany Max Müller's friend in his visits. Nowadays it is almost *banal* to be a state guest of eastern highnesses; at that time it was not so. The colleges and cadet corps had not yet formed the new generations. The Scindhias and Holkars of yore cannot be compared to the princes whose portraits and modern palaces appear in the magazines all over the world.

It was in a meeting at Jeypur, which the maharajah was to attend (he begged to be excused at the eleventh hour, as it was his prayer-day), that Mr. Malabari explained the reasons for considering the translation of the *Lectures* as a necessity (May 9, 1882). The audience was exclusively native, and Major Jacob in the chair. First he impressed on his hearers that Max Müller by his work on the *Veda Sanhita* and other *shastras* had given new life, so to say, to Sanskrit and helped to regenerate the language and literature of their land. As for the *Hibbert Lectures*, in these splendid dissertations the author gave back to the Indians their own modernized and spiritualized.

We badly want character in our modern vernaculars. Here we have as much character and originality as you may wish for. You will readily grant that by reason of his special study, Max Müller is best fitted of all his contemporaries for a work and better qualified than the rest of the Indian scholars, because he is unbiased and disinterested.

¹⁰ *Ibid.*, p. 334.

The most generous patron of the *Hibbert Lectures* was a woman, the Maharani Shurnomoye (Cassimbazar). But for the 1,000 rupees that she gave, the Bengali translation would never have appeared. As regards the Tamil translation, destined for the lettered public of southern India, it proved unlucky. Mr. Malabari had offered the dedication to Max Müller's friend, the same maharajah of Vizianagaram, who had given 4,000 pounds for the printing of the second edition of the Rig-Veda, and he had received from him a flattering answer when the maharajah died suddenly. A very interesting personality, that maharajah! a Maecenas more of a sportsman than a scholar. However, like many Indians belonging to the higher classes, he had a great respect for religious science, and considered it a pious duty to propagate it. The help of the late maharajah's family was vainly asked for; no answer ever came.

The fate of these editions was totally different, according to the regions. If I am not mistaken, no south Indian *pandit*, *shastri*, or patron of literature has taken the Tamil edition off the editor's hands. The Bengali edition, done admirably by Mr. Gupta, was the one that Max Müller preferred, because he could read it. It was given away free; not a single copy was purchased. The marathi edition, due to Mr. G. W. Kanitkar, and the Hindi one, to Munshi Jawalaprased, went off well. It was the same thing in the case of the guzarati edition.

Max Müller was highly gratified to see the popularization of his lectures accomplished in India by such a devoted interpreter. The expression of his feelings is to be found in many letters to Mr. Malabari. As early as March, 1879, he wrote:

These lectures were chiefly written for India. What I wished to do was to show you how much and how little you possess in your own ancient religion. There is a large accumulation of mere rubbish in your religious system! That you know as well as I do, and to an enlightened mind such as yours there can be no offense in my saying this; but beneath that rubbish there are germs. Do not throw those germs away with the rubbish. . . . If you could tell your countrymen something of what I have written in these lectures, it might bear some good fruit.

And again in September, 1881:

I am deeply interested in the effect which my *Hibbert Lectures* will produce in India. When writing them I was often thinking of my friends in your country more than of my audience at Westminster. . . . I wanted to tell (February, 1882) those few at least whom I might hope to reach in English, what the true *historical* value of their ancient religion is, as looked upon, not from exclusively European or Christian, but from a *historical* point of view. I wished to warn

against two dangers: that of undervaluing or despising the ancient national religion, as is done too often by your half-Europeanized youths; and that of overvaluing it, and interpreting it as it was never meant to be interpreted, of which you may see a painful instance in Dayānanda Sarasvati's labors on the *Veda*. Accept the *Veda* as an ancient *historical* account, containing thoughts in accordance with the character of an ancient and simple-minded race of men, and you will be able to admire it, and to retain some of it—particularly the teachings of the *Upanishads*, even in these modern days. But discover in it steam engines and electricity, and European philosophy and morality, and you deprive it of its true character, you destroy its real value, and you break the historical continuity that ought to bind the present to the past. Accept the past as a reality, study it and try to understand it, and you will then have less difficulty in finding the right way toward the future.

Were the results in proportion to the tremendous effort it required? "This project of vernacular translations has, on the whole, ended poorly, like most projects in India. In a word, it was premature," says Mr. Malabari.¹¹ I am inclined to think that there is a great deal of exaggeration in this statement; but we westerners are not able to form an opinion. We had better appeal to a most competent authority, the late lamented Protap Chunder Mozoomdar. No one could judge as well of the real benefit caused by the entering of such a man as Max Müller on the scene of Indian civilization. At the very moment of the publication of the *Hibbert Lectures* he had written about them in the *Theistic Quarterly Review* of Calcutta, an English paper intended for a limited circle, the little religious sect of the Brahmos. Now, after twenty years, he remembers the time when English-educated Indians, in Bengal at least, felt a most unpatriotic contempt for the classics of their own country; then he registers the reaction that ensued and the widespread Hindu revivals of the two last years.

Whose words, whose works, whose influence are chiefly accountable for this national awakening, extravagant as, like oriental movements, it shows itself sometimes? It is surely the genius that planned the publication of the *Sacred Books of the East*, that primarily gave the impulse, and brought back the blurred religious consciousness of the Hindu to himself. Max Müller's celebrated *Hibbert Lectures*, translated into the vernaculars of this country, did a service in this respect that can never be forgotten. Ancient India's search for the infinite, the prevailing feature of all her mystic inspiration, whether in the domain of nature or of the soul, the progress and success of that search as embodied in what is best in our Scriptures, revealed the Hindu spirit to the Hindu and struck a light where all was dark before.¹²

¹¹ *Loc. cit.*, p. 338.

¹² "Professor Max Müller's Relations to India," *East and West*, November, 1901, p. 93.

That short quotation teaches us two things: first, that "the *Hibbert Lectures* had brought back the blurred consciousness of the Hindu to itself"—a result which has to be ascribed to the admirable pages on the perception of the infinite in which is contained the best refutation of the agnostic tendencies of the young anglicized Indians; then, that "they have revealed the Hindu spirit to the Hindu." Here the circle is widened, and from the small group of students able to understand our western philosophy, the lectures appeal to the *pandits*, the householders, the *sannyasins* who, on the banks of a sacred river, in either a large town or a small village, even in the mountain jungle, find in them the apotheosis of their old religious faith, their own dissertations "modernized and spiritualized," as was said at the meeting of Jeypur. "Could the most apathetic son of India long remain indifferent to the glorification by such a genius of his country's past?" exclaims Mr. Malabari, inflamed by the sublime pages in honor of the visions of the *Rishis*, the Indian philosophy, and the heights scaled by the poet-seers of the Vedic period.

Our scholars, whose criterion is of course different from that of the Indian *shastris*, have often failed in the explanation of obscure passages of the Scriptures—passages probably reserved to the skill of the indigenous talent and the hereditary inquirer after truth. Why so?

To us Indo-Aryas [Mr. Malabari continues], it is the truth that is supreme law, the universal existence, the face behind the veil, the reality beyond the illusion. The Aryan mind does not despise this illusion (not delusion, as western interpreters call it), this phenomenon, this enveloping, overshadowing adjunct of the true and the real.

Max Müller has beautifully understood that phenomenon, and through his constant association with the ideals of the East, and the musings, and reveries that this association must suggest, he has succeeded in obtaining "that genuine ring" which had sounded "exceeding sweet" to the delighted ear of his enthusiastic translator.

Mr. Malabari is far from regretting the time and strength given to the scheme. It helped him materially, he says, for one thing—to study the condition of the country as a whole, its wants and requirements, its merits as well as its defects. It also brought him in contact with some master-minds of the day, securing

the subtle soul-union which recognizes no difference of race, sex, or rank, and which neither distance nor death itself can dissolve. Such was the friendship with Max Müller, which the vernacular translations brought to me. . . . Years afterwards, sitting by the fireside in my friend's library at Oxford, I recounted to him, at his request, some of my vicissitudes of the early eighties,

my trials and triumphs—throwing such side-light as I could on the character and capacity of the race whom he loved and labored for all his days; and then, after the recital had ended, he got behind my chair, rubbed my forehead, as if to relieve its tension, and, stroking my hand fondly, asked: "So you became rabid about my poor *Lectures*?" "Yes," I replied, laughing, "quite mad, as is my wont; even your sobering influence could not restrain me." At this he leaned against my shoulder, whispering: "I wish I had more of your madness." Who would not be mad, to be envied by so eminently sane a monomaniac as Max Müller? ¹³

Twelve years were to elapse between the reception of Max Müller's first letter in the small Kathiawari village and the meeting of the two friends at Oxford—twelve years of unremitting labor on both sides. Mr. Malabari, true to his self-imposed mission, and as the proprietor and editor of a powerful paper, the *Indian Spectator*, had stood up as an advocate of the better understanding between the rulers and the ruled, and as a defender of the rights of the poorer classes. Meanwhile he had devoted himself to a most ungrateful task. Though belonging to a non-Hindu community, he had lent the support of his experience, authority, and talent to the advancement and progress of the social reform among the Hindus. During that time the correspondence between the two friends was active, and the *Hibbert Lectures* were not its only object. The question of social reform, which had gradually engrossed Mr. Malabari's attention, had found in Max Müller a convinced supporter. It was with a view to the solution of one of the most serious among our social problems that Mr. Malabari came to London in April, 1890, hoping to arouse an active interest in the question of infant marriage and the status of Hindu widows. It was a great pleasure for Max Müller to make the personal acquaintance of the energetic reformer, and between the two men sprang up a close friendship, which lasted till Max Müller's death. Mr. Malabari paid his friend a visit, which visit is mentioned in the *Life and Letters*,¹⁴ and narrated in the "Recollections" as follows:

As a guest at Norham Gardens I was treated like a prince. My friend gave me the best room in the house, usually reserved for royalty, as he told me; and, what was a greater privilege, he left me as much as I liked to myself. He invited none but intimate friends, and avoided talking shop, except when prompted or provoked . . .¹⁵

all that no doubt on account of that extraordinary disease of shyness with

¹³ "Recollections," etc., March, 1903, p. 338.

¹⁴ *Life and Letters*, Vol. II, p. 257.

¹⁵ "Recollections," etc., April, 1903, p. 476.

which Mr. Malabari is infected, comparing his kind hosts to "parent birds tending a wounded fledgling that had strayed into their nest from beyond the seas." For a whole week, the morning in the library, the afternoon in the gardens, the two friends entered upon the most absorbing subjects of conversation about Indian and European topics and men: Burnouf, Renan, William Jones, Darmesteter, Ram Mohan Roy, Keshub Chunder Sen, etc.

He [Max Müller] spoke in a reminiscent vein, but always with the freshness and buoyancy of youth. His conversation was strikingly rich in the personal element, and his manners had a polish and freedom from preoccupation peculiar to himself. Very remarkable was the contrast between host and guest—the one with a smooth, unclouded brow; at seventy, as spruce and sprightly in his get-up as if ready to attend a wedding at a moment's notice; the other, turned grey and wrinkled at forty, weary and woe-begone in appearance.¹⁶

One day our reformer asked Max Müller to reconsider the advisability of his paying a cold-weather visit to India—that visit which the scholar confessed to have longed for in his youth, and which had been a subject alluded to and even discussed in some letters.

Your suggestion of a voyage to India [he wrote in 1890] has gratified me very much, but I have come to the conclusion that, at my time of life, and with so much important work still to finish, I must not think of it. It is a great self-denial, doubly difficult, after what you told me, that some of my Indian friends would have been willing to defray the expense.

At Oxford Mr. Malabari insisted, so that his dear old friend might see modern India and study "the everyday life of his favorites." "No, no," he urged, "I have lived in an ideal India; don't drag me out of it. I am too old for disillusionizing." Was he right? We shall see, from Mr. Malabari's exact definition of the sort of love that Max Müller had for India.

It is said that he loved India not wisely, but too well. There is some force in the allegation as it stands. But, closely examined, it will prove a superficial view, an incomplete presentment of the fact. Those who charge my friend with undue partiality toward India seem to forget that Max Müller was an idealist, that he had his own India; or, to be accurate, he had reconstructed from the ashes and charred bones of the past an India of the *Rishis*, of the early Vedas, in which he lived, moved, and had his being. . . . Max Müller was a poet, a dream-builder, as distinguished from the Oxford don, even as distinct from the ingenious architect of theories of religion and language.¹⁷

¹⁶ *Loc. cit.*, p. 477.

¹⁷ *Ibid.*, p. 475.

Mr. Malabari remembers a discussion of his merits with the Catholic bishop Meurin, at Bombay. The bishop maintained that Max Müller was only a philologist, not a philosopher. To this Mr. Malabari replied "that philology was the least interesting part of his life-work, the husk, so to say, of the wheat within." To his mind, "Max Müller was a *reviver*, one who made dead things live over again, clothing them in the warm flesh-and-blood hues of life."¹⁸ In a certain way Max Müller was right not to visit India, right also to continue to live in his own ideal *Arya-warta*. He would have seen "how many of the *ideals* of life had been perverted," and he would have been disillusioned. It requires less sympathy for the population, a more selfish absorption in a scientific task, to overcome the results of a personal contact with modern India.

In order to mitigate Mr. Malabari's disappointment, Max Müller suggested, as a token of India's affection, the idea of a testimonial for the forthcoming jubilee of his doctorate, that would make him feel as if he had seen India and the numerous friends he had there.

I sent him this token later, in the shape of an address of congratulations most appropriately worded by Dr. Bhandarkar, and signed by many of the leading scholars and not a few prominent patrons of scholarship in the country. We had the address beautifully engraved and illuminated and placed in a silver casket of peculiar Indian design and workmanship.¹⁹

Max Müller was deeply moved, and accepted it as a token that he had not worked in vain.²⁰

During our reformer's stay in London it was his learned friend who introduced him into the higher circles of English society, wherein he enlisted firm supporters in favor of the great cause of the women of India of whom he had constituted himself the champion. We find in the *Life and Letters* many passages which refer to that common work of charity. Let us open the "Recollections:"

What drew me most to Max Müller was his chivalrous regard for the weak and the oppressed. This was perhaps best exemplified in the course of our crusade against infant marriage and enforced widowhood. He gave me much of his time to solving the problem of state intervention, consulting eminent lawyers and jurists, drawing freely upon his unrivaled knowledge of ancient and modern Indian literature. He wrote again and again at considerable length, explaining the scriptural, the legal, and the political bearings of the question. He discovered the ingenious theory of *tort*, holding the parents responsible in cases when the parties to an infant marriage came to suffer. He visited and wrote to a number

¹⁸ *Ibid.*, p. 475.

¹⁹ *Ibid.*, p. 479.

²⁰ *Life and Letters*, Vol. II, p. 316.

of influential people, commending our cause to some, encouraging others already interested in it, and he was largely instrumental in getting up the drawing-room meeting at Lady Jeune's which led to the passing of the Age of Consent Bill. Max Müller stood up at the meeting as our staunchest ally, gallantly supported by the Countess of Jersey and Sir Charles Aitchinson.²¹

We must quote one, and the last, passage from the "Recollections." Max Müller had valiantly defended Mr. Malabari during his great contest with the opposition of the brahmanical orthodox party—a hard and painful contest, the contest of the individual against the caste. Besides, was he not an outsider, a Parsi? And it is well known that the Hindus do not like being lectured by outsiders. "If their dirty linen had to be washed at all, they wished to have it washed by their own washerwomen!"²² And it is a fact also that, through his personal influence and assisted by friends, Mr. Malabari at last carried the bill ("Age of Consent Act") which fixes the age of freedom to marry at eighteen for the men, at twelve for the girls (1891). Max Müller simply adds: "It is highly creditable to him that he declined all rewards and honors offered to him at the end of his successful campaign."²³

Mr. Malabari enlightens us on the sense of that phrase, and his explanation does equal honor to the two friends. It throws a vivid light on the personality of both. Max Müller was among the generous patrons who wished to present him with a purse, about four thousand pounds, in order to pay the expenses of his social reform campaign.

When sounded, I said I would gratefully accept the gift if allowed to spend it on the cause itself, say the founding of a central widow's home in India and a working committee to bring about the improvement in some of our social customs. But my friends wished me to accept the purse for personal use, as, for obvious political reasons, they could not identify themselves too closely with an active propaganda. For very much the same reasons I declined the offer with thanks.²⁴

And why did the generous Parsi decline the honor?

My political friends appreciated this, though some of them thought I was carrying my squeamishness too far. Max Müller, it seems, felt aggrieved. Little did the dear old idealist see that in India, the land of ideal charity, people generally start with uncharity in judging what they do not know or cannot understand.

²¹ *Loc. cit.*, pp. 480, 481.

²² *Cosmopolis*, September, 1898, p. 627.

²³ *Ibid.*, p. 628.

²⁴ "Recollections," etc., April, 1903, p. 481.

The movement for a purse was dropped—happily, says the noble reformer; but his kind friend voted him an address of welcome and congratulations. He drew it up himself, with the help of an ex-viceroy and two ex-governors, and had it signed by many of the notable leaders of society. The address was sent to Mr. Malabari when he was on the continent. It is treasured among the most precious possessions of the reformer, “not so much for its intrinsic value—though it is very high—but as the gift of a loyal and loving friend, a wise and faithful guide, and a valiant supporter.”²⁵

From the high religious synthesis of the *Hibbert Lectures* we have come to the particulars of the intercourse of two men who, it seems, have realized that fusion between the East and the West for which some among the higher classes are fervently longing. In like manner Max Müller’s influence has asserted itself in India by infusing a new life into Hindu society and religion, and captivating the friendship and admiration of the best minds of the country.

Mr. Malabari was thus a faithful interpreter of the general feeling when, on Max Müller’s demise (the writer was then his guest at Mahabaleshwar in the Ghâts), he sent a wire to Mrs. Max Müller telling her that “all India mourned with her!”²⁶

MLLE. D. MENANT

PARIS, FRANCE

MARTIN LUTHER’S ATTITUDE TOWARD THE PRINCIPLE OF LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE

The principle of liberty of conscience was given the foremost place in Luther’s programme of reforms after the Leipzig Disputation (July, 1519). But when a few years later the reformer decided that the new church should be united with the state, he did not hesitate to call upon the secular arm to come to the aid of the church in the attempt to suppress heresy. In later years he reacquired the view which he had held before he assumed the rôle of a reformer—that capital punishment is to be inflicted on heretics.¹

If the testimony of Leo X, as stated in the bull *Exsurge Domine* (June 15, 1520), may be relied upon, Luther held at that time the damnable heresy that “to burn heretics is against the will of the Spirit.” The famous book, *To the Christian Nobles*, which he wrote in June, 1520, is an eloquent

²⁵ *Ibid.*, p. 482.

²⁶ *Life and Letters*, Vol. II, p. 421.

¹ Cf. *Theologischer Jahresbericht*, Vol. XXIII, p. 515.